

beauty that Lothair himself would have been proud to present them to the Lady Corisande. Meanwhile, the opening of the casket acted like magic upon the Countess. No sooner had she caught sight of its contents than she overwhelmed the jeweller with a heap of questions. "Where—when—how—did you come by these pearls, Mr.—? How much did you give—I mean from whom did you buy them?" "I did not buy them, at all," replied the astonished jeweller; "neither do they belong to me. They were merely entrusted to me by a lady, to sell on commission. I should have hesitated a long time before buying such pearls as these, for which one cannot find a customer every day in the year, Madame; no, indeed, they might have lain upon my hands for months—for years." At the urgent request of the Countess a footman was at once dispatched to bring the lady who had deposited the pearls with Mr.—to the palace of the Countess of L. After a brief delay the lady arrived, young handsome, and elegantly dressed in the height of the reigning fashion. She listened with a subdued smile to the series of questions which the Countess of L. addressed to her. Nettled, but still retaining the command of her temper, the Countess wound up by touching a secret spring in the fastening of the necklace. "There," she exclaimed, pointing to her arms and motto engraved on the side of the fastening; "however you came into the possession of these pearls, you will hardly venture to dispute that they belong to me. Four years ago they suddenly disappeared from my jewel case, and now, after all inquiry had proved fruitless, they are found with you! I am under great obligations to the lady who has restored to me that which is my own." The Countess accompanied these words with a bow and a smile of profound irony. In answer to this tirade the lady uttered not a word, but opening a small reticule which she carried in her hand, produced a highly scented *billet-doux* and handed it to the Countess, who started as if a serpent had stung her, and swooned upon the spot. On recovering consciousness she went straight to her writing table, wrote a cheque for the amount demanded by the lady, and gave it to her without uttering a single word. The *billet-doux* was in the handwriting of the Countess's only son.

The tradition that the treasure belonging to the abbey of St Denis at the time of the French Revolution was burned in the Cathedral instead of being seized by the Convention and melted down, has always had such a firm hold on the popular imagination that the French minister of Fine arts has, upon the advice of M. du Montcel, the well-known electrician, given permission to a lady named Cavailha to search for it by the aid of a wand which, she asserts, has the mysterious power of being attracted by precious metals as the needle by the magnet. Madame Cavailha has made a contract with the Minister of Fine Arts, according to which she is to receive a sum of \$100,000 in the event of her discovering the rare manuscripts and pictures, the communion plate, chalice, incense burners, &c., of which the treasure in part consisted, while she will be entitled to a third of all the gold and other monies. Several workmen have been making excavations in the cathedral of St. Denis under her superintendence, but hitherto the only discoveries made have been of bones, which, not improbably, were taken out of the tombs of the French kings when they were rifled at the Revolution; but the explorers have now reached the royal vault, which has not been opened since the Prince de Conde was buried there in 1830, and the diocesan architect will not allow them to open it without a fresh authorisation from the Minister, as he states that the building may be very seriously injured.

#### HERMANN AND THE HUCKSTERS.

Hermann looks a good deal like an idealized and humanized Satan. He is of the darkest dark brunette, with blazing black eyes and the blackest of black hair on his face and head. He dresses in black, the only white showing in his costume being his shirt collar. At the market he was at once recognized by the gamins who came trooping after him, and when he stopped at a vegetable dealer's stall the crowd formed a ring on the outside. "How do you sell these soup bunches?" said he, picking up a peck measure full of herbs. "Two cents apiece," replied the ample matron behind the layout. "That's cheap," said Hermann, "very cheap," and then suddenly looking into the heart of one of the bunches he pulled out a plethora wad of \$20 bills. The woman made a grab for the money, but as suddenly as it appeared it vanished, and she looked from the

## CHRISTMAS.

DECEMBER, 1882.

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Watches, in Gold and Silver—See my window.

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For all these and many other articles suited for Christmas Presents,

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ON THE ISLANDS

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The usual display of Useful Goods, for all seasons, will be found at the other Stores.

bunch to the magician and from the magician to the bunch in a puzzled way. "Go away with your foolishness," she said at last, and declined to be further interested. A couple of stalls below there was a great selection of eggs. These at once caught Hermann's eye. "Are those eggs fresh?" he inquired of the damsel in charge. "Yes, sir." He picked up one and rattled it beside the woman's ear. She started back at the peculiar metallic sound, whereupon he smiled accusingly at her, broke the egg and took out two \$5 gold pieces lying in the yolk. She stared, and he got \$10 more out of another egg. After collecting about thirty in this way she suddenly declined to have any more eggs broken. As she spoke a blue tongue of flame sprung out of a score of eggs on the tray, and the whole party started back in affright. The flame died away and the woman turned on Hermann with almost a curse: "You are a sorcerer!" By this time a great throng of people had gathered around, and each new feat of the master was honored by a round of applause. A stall or two lower down Hermann picked up a cabbage and asked the man if it was not imprudent to leave his valuables exposed that way. The man lowered at him, and said he was not there for joking. "What will you take for the cabbage?" inquired the maestro. "Five cents." The money was passed, and the cabbage became the property of the magician. Taking a knife, he cut it open, and before the astonished gaze of the multitude there lay a perfect nest of treasures. Hermann deliberately began to fill his pockets, first with a wad of bills; a hundred-dollar one on the outside, then a gold watch and chain, next two or three diamond rings, and finally a heaping handful of \$20 gold pieces, and last of all a United States bond for \$1,000. Powers of description fail to paint the changes which passed over the huckster's face as this find was being appraised and pouched by the magician. Doubt, fear, avarice and despair flitted one after another over his countenance. And at last, when the cabbage was evidently empty, he flung himself on the bench behind the stall and refused to be comforted. "That's a pretty good trade," said Hermann, and the boys cheered him to the echo.

A few paces further on was a game-dealer's stand, and here the miracle of the day was performed. Picking up a rabbit that was lying without any head on the pavement, Hermann asked the man how long it had been dead. "Only a day or two." "Smell it," said Hermann. The reporter sniffed at it, and it certainly was game. "Don't you know how to freshen up animals?" said Hermann to the man. And he took the rabbit, doubled it up and back, and laid it down on the pavement with a head on it and evidently alive. The dead rabbit at once leaped in among the boys, who chased it and finally brought it back, in sore need of the kindly magician's good offices again. Then he took a dove from the cote over the stand, deliberately wrung its neck, pulled off its head and threw it to the owner, and before he had time to examine it, returned him his pigeon none the worse for wear. By this time the crowd was so large that locomotion was impossible, and with a quizzical glance at his admirers, Hermann hurriedly boarded a car and disappeared toward the south.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

#### FAME.

A jolly crowd of commercial travelers sat in the reading room of a Chicago hotel, cracking jokes and telling "ghost" stories, when in came a slab-sided, gawky Hoosier, who, thinking himself unobserved, quietly sat down and took in all the fun. One of the boys, without calling anybody's attention to the countryman, casually remarked, as he pointed to a chum who was reading a paper:

"I shouldn't think Jim Bennett would sit there and pore over that old sheet. Why, if I was as rich as he is I'd raise the roof right off this house."

The countryman's eyes fairly bulged out with wonder when he heard this allusion to the editor of such a big paper, and he slowly gathered himself up and shuffled toward the chair occupied by the alleged Bennett. Gazing at him curiously for a moment, he said, in a flattering voice, "are you Mr. Bennett the editor of the New York Herald?"

The drummer looked up in amazement; but catching wind from the rest of the boys, he quietly replied:

"That's what people say." "Gosh!" exclaimed the Hoosier. "Well, my lad," benignantly said the pseudo editor, "what can I do for you?"

"Why sir," murmured the almost paralyzed youth, "why sir, my—my

brother takes the Herald. Do you know him?"

The supposed Bennett fainted, and the rest of the crowd went into hysterics, while the Hoosier didn't stop walking until he struck the State line.—[*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*]

#### TREMORS OF THE EARTH.

The London Times publishes a synopsis of some papers on the tremors of the earth, by the committee appointed to measure the lunar disturbance of gravity, and by Mr. G. Darwin, which contains some statements new to the public. It is considered proved by the men of science engaged that the crust of the earth bends under the weight imposed on it, till "when the barometer rises an inch over a land area like that of Australia, the increased load of air sinks the entire continent two or three inches below the normal level." The land actually sinks and rises under the pressure of the mass of water thrown upon it by the tides, the maximum of rise and fall on the Atlantic seaboard reaching five inches. This effect is felt at the bottom of the deepest mine, and may reach for an unknown distance. It follows that the crust of the earth must be of exceeding tenacity, exceeding as a maximum that of granite; and its swayings may be the causes of phenomena hitherto quite unexplained, as, for example, the relation between storm and earthquake. So universal, frequent, and unavoidable are these disturbances that the inquiry into the lunar disturbance of gravity has been given up. No depth can be found at which a recording instrument can be placed so as to escape their effect. The round earth pants, in fact, like a breathing being, under the changes always going on above her.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Electric Light in the light-house at Sydney, New South Wales, will be the largest of the kind in the world. The merging beam is said to have a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles.

A very curious phenomenon is in progress on the eastern coast of the Caspian sea. The Kara Boghaz is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great and that a current continually sets in from the main body of the Caspian; as there is no return current, the water of the gulf becomes more and more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. In time this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and will then be dried up and become an extensive salt bed.

An entire Gallo-Roman town has been unearthed in the neighborhood of Poitiers. It contains a temple 114 yards in length by 70 yards in breadth, baths occupying five acres, a theatre of which the stage alone measures 90 yards on its longest side; streets, houses and other buildings, covering a space of more than seventeen acres. The excavations, which are being continued, have brought to light more edifices, sculpture in the very best style and in good preservation—dating, it is thought, from the second century—and a quantity of iron, bronze and earthen articles. E. Lisch, the inspector of historic monuments, declares that the town is a little Pompeii in the center of France.

The Scientific American having mentioned as quick work the laying of railroad track at the rate of two miles a day, a Canadian paper says: "The Canada Pacific are ahead of this by a long way. They have laid as many as ten miles a day; and on the occasion of the trip of the Press Association up the line they laid down a short piece at the rate of a mile an hour."

The idea of piercing the Isthmus of Malacca, which is a matter of considerable interest in France, is being actively pursued. The French Consul at Siam, Dr. Harmand, the celebrated explorer of the Indo Chinese peninsula, has just surveyed the ground, with the co-operation of the King of that country, and has reported that the scheme is perfectly practicable. The King, it is stated, has expressed his willingness to make a concession to M. de Lesseps.

A mining superintendent in the West says that by the use of the chronograph he ascertained the fact that the long pump bobs in his mine moved down at the top before they stopped coming up at the bottom—that is, they went both ways at once. This seems absurd, but it is rational, for the pump bob being 3,000 feet long, and made of wood, some time elapses before motion at one end is transmitted through to the other. It would be interesting to know exactly where the neutral point is.—[*Mechanical Engineer.*]

When a pretty Irish girl is stolen away they suspect some boycotter,